

You assail me for reflecting on the "Boston gentlemen who commend Mr. Webster's speech." If you refer to the gentlemen who joined you in signing the thanksgiving letter, you are mistaken. I did not make one single allusion to them. I was speaking of the slave-catching bill for which Mr. Webster was to vote. My words were: "It is now a matter of cool New-England calculation. The cotton interest of Massachusetts calls for it, and the gentry of Boston are cheering on their Senator in his strange and reckless course." I referred to the cheers with which, as the papers informed us, his street harangue on slave-catching was received by his audience. No man born out of New-England has probably a higher respect than myself for the intelligence and virtue of her inhabitants. But human nature is, I suppose, the same in Massachusetts as elsewhere; and you have yet much to learn of the character of your species, if you deny that pecuniary interests, real or imagined, have a powerful influence on the political views of large bodies of men.

You greatly mistake me, sir, if you suppose I have troubled you with this letter from any idea of *self-defense*. The passionate and indefinite violence of your assault renders it wholly innocuous to myself; but you have attempted (I admit in a very awkward manner) to identify my father's principles and conduct with the pro-slavery course of yourself and Mr. Webster. You think the sanction of his name would be convenient to both. In yielding to the promptings of filial duty, and rescuing my father's memory from the disgrace you would attach to it, I may possibly have given some aid to a cause dear to my parent's heart, by exhibiting his own sentiments and conduct on the subject of slavery. You have moreover afforded me a convenient opportunity of exhibiting, by your own laborious efforts, the utter worthlessness of all Scriptural arguments in justification of American slavery, and the foul dishonor they cast upon the gospel of our ever blessed and adorable Redeemer. I cheerfully do you the justice to admit that your moral sense revolts against your Bible theory. But I beg you to reflect whether you are engaged in a wise and safe employment, and one becoming your position, when you labor to prove that the fountain whence we draw our knowledge of God's holy will, is sending forth most bitter waters, and that the tree of life is bearing the apples of Sodom?

The very unceremonious manner with which you have been pleased to treat me, I must excuse a little freedom on my part. Permit me to use the frankness you have invited, in submitting a few plain truths for the consideration of yourself, and your Reverend associates in Andover and elsewhere, whose theology embraces the political morality illustrated by Mr. Webster, and that system of evangelical benevolence which is exemplified in American slavery and the delivery of fugitives. Laymen, from their more promiscuous intercourse with the world, have usually better opportunities than the clergy of marking the practical working of agencies and influences unfavorable to Christianity. You are probably aware that even religious men are too much inclined to expect a higher standard of moral excellence in the clergy than they are willing to prescribe for themselves. The maxim that the world will love its own, is reversed in regard to such of the ministers of Christ as are supposed to belong to it. Hence in public estimation, the sacred character of a preacher of righteousness greatly aggravates every deviation from Christian morality, whether of conduct or opinion, which may be imputed to him. No intelligent man, unbiased by interest or education, can pause in pronouncing such a system as American slavery to be unjust and cruel. To deny this, is to deny that God has given to man the knowledge of good and evil, even in the lowest degree. But while multitudes are uncontrolled in their own conduct by their conviction of the wickedness of slavery, that conviction necessarily influences their opinion of him who, professing to be the messenger of Heaven, proclaims that this mighty wrong is sacred and allowed by a just and holy God. Such an announcement generally leads to one of two inferences: either that the preacher falsifies his message, or that a religion which outrages the moral sense of mankind cannot be of divine origin. The first is the inference most usually drawn, and disgust with the preacher is the natural result. But unluckily, instances are not wanting in which the arguments fabricated from the Bible effect a lodgment in the mind, and excite, not as was intended, hatred of abolition, but hatred of Christianity. Facts have come to my knowledge far too numerous to permit me to doubt for a moment, that the course pursued by many of our clergy in relation to caste and slavery, has shaken the faith of many weak Christians, and given a vast impulse to infidelity. There is, sir, great reason to fear that at the final account, the blood of souls will be found in the skirts of some who have proclaimed themselves commissioned to sanctify the whip and the fetters of the slave, by first hanging them on the cross of the Redeemer.

Once more, sir, there is not a miscreant in the street who insults and maltreats the negro, that does not know, if he knows anything of Christianity, that it is a religion intended for ALL, and that its Divine Author appeared in humble guise and associated freely with the poor, the lowly and the despised. Yet in the example and conduct of many a master in Israel may a sanction be found for the continually, and unrelentingly, which fall to the lot of an unhappy and persecuted people. In vain has the voice of inspiration declared that in the Church of Christ there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free. In vain have we been reminded from on high, "Ye are all one in Christ Jesus." Certain Reverend disciples of the lowly Redeemer seem to be one with negroes, even in Christ Jesus, and hence with impious hands they build up the heathen barrier of caste, and insult in the very house of God all to whom the Almighty Father has seen fit in his sovereign pleasure to give a dark complexion. Not a few of these men are putting forth high pretensions to ministerial power and dignity. Episcopalians have recently been told by one of their Bishops, that the clergy are "the representatives of Christ, who alone here the charge of the discipline of his Church, with power to remit and retain sins." Yet within a few weeks the majority of the clergy of a neighboring diocese, assembled in Convention, deliberately refused a seat in the council of the Church to a brother representative

of Christ, and equally with themselves a remitter and retainer of sins, solely because African blood flowed in his veins.

We are favored with sermons and addresses in abundance on the importance of a learned ministry, and we are urged to give money for the support of Theological Seminaries. Yet one of these Seminaries has practically declared that any preaching is good enough for negroes, by shutting its doors against the admission of colored candidates for holy orders.

The experience of the present, as well as of past times, instructs us that Christianity is so identified in the minds of many with the character of its teachers, that the delinquencies of the one unhappily afford to multitudes an apology for questioning the authenticity of the other. If a voice be pronounced against him who offends even a little one who believes in Christ, surely the minister of the cross cannot be guiltless, when, yielding to political attachments, to the dictates of worldly policy, or the influence of unholy prejudice, he undermines the faith of many, and gives great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme.

I am, Reverend Sir,
Your obedient servant,
WILLIAM JAY.
Belmont, N. Y. 25th June, 1850.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

I LOVE AGITATION WHEN THERE IS CAUSE FOR IT—THE ALARM BELL WHICH STARTLES THE INHABITANTS OF A CITY, SAVES THEM FROM BEING BURNED IN THEIR BEDS.—*Burke.*

Salem, Ohio, August 3, 1850.

The Anti-Slavery Meeting appointed to be held in SALEM on TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY next is INDEFINITELY POSTPONED. For reasons see below.

The Anniversary—Change of Place.

Letters from our friends at New Lyme inform us that, in consequence of the short hay crop in that region, it will hardly be possible for them to keep so great a number of horses as our Anniversary will be sure to bring together; and they reluctantly advise that the meeting be held in some other place. The grass left by the drouth is now being devoured by myriads of grasshoppers, so that many of the farmers will hardly cut a load to the acre. This information has rendered it indispensable that some other place should be selected for the meeting; and as the friends at Randolph distrust their ability to furnish the necessary accommodations, the members of the Executive Committee residing in this neighborhood, after consultation, have unanimously determined that it must be held in Salem. There is in this region at least a plentiful supply of food both for horses and people; and although our friends here have been willing that some other place should have the privilege of exercising its hospitality in return for the social, intellectual and moral treat which the Anniversary is sure to bring with it, they will cheerfully open their doors and their hearts to all who may find it convenient to attend.

That Salem may not have more than her share of the good things from the anti-slavery table, nor her hospitalities be too deeply taxed, it has been thought best to hold no meeting here next week, and the appointment previously made is hereby cancelled. It is possible, but by no means certain, that Abby K. Foster, on her way from Harrison County to Randolph, in the course of next week, may give us an afternoon or evening lecture. If she does, care will be taken to give as extensive notice as possible.

One circumstance will serve to reconcile the people in this vicinity to this change of plan. When the meeting for next week was announced, it was expected that Parker Pillsbury would arrive in season to be present; but this anticipation would not have been realized, for, according to his plans, he can at the very best only reach the State in time for the Randolph meeting. He will be here, of course, at the Anniversary, and we are not without hope that Stephen S. Foster will make glad the hearts of his numerous friends at the West by his presence on that occasion. If our earnest summons could avail, he would be here beyond all peradventure.

Whether the change of place will render necessary a change in the time appointed for the Anniversary, we cannot at this moment say. It is possible that, in order to afford time for the speakers to reach this place at the close of the meetings hereafter appointed, it may commence on the 17th instead of the 10th of September. The question will probably be decided in another week.

The Union Supports Slavery.

The Pittsburgh Gazette, in an article denouncing the Southern Disunionists for threatening to dissolve the national Confederacy to protect slavery, even at the risk of a servile war, says: "One blessing would, however, result from such a fearful and fratricidal war. Chattel slavery would be forever banished from the South. Let these mad enthusiasts for disunion think of this!" What is this but a confession that the Union is the chief pillar of slavery, without which the vile institution could not stand, and that its peaceable dissolution by the North would result in a speedy emancipation?—If it is madness for the South to seek dissolution as a means of protecting Slavery, surely it must be wisdom for the North to resort to it as a means of relieving herself of a criminal responsibility and of banishing slavery from the country.

Parker Pillsbury.

We have a letter from Parker Pillsbury, written at his home in Concord, N. H., July 19th, in which he declares his intention to start for the West on the 8th or 7th inst., and to be in Cleveland on Friday the 9th. This will enable him, if no accident causes a farther detention, to be at the Randolph meeting on Sunday. It is possible, however, that he will make his first appearance at Akron.

We are sorry to be obliged to add that our friend's health is not yet restored. He says: "You will have to indulge me somewhat as to the amount of my labor, night exposure, and some little choice of stopping places. To one worn and weary, you know, a humble home, if you have found it a home before, is better than to be the guest of strangers, even in palaces." This remark was probably intended to be private, but the hint it conveys is so reasonable, and a compliance with it so necessary to our friend's comfort and health, that we do not hesitate to publish it. We trust that he will ever where find the attention and sympathy which his shattered and feeble constitution so much demands, and that the friends of the cause will be careful not to impose upon him burdens heavier than he can bear.

After the above was in type we received the following welcome epistle.

DEAR FRIEND JOHNSON: I am looking forward with many pleasing anticipations, to the day, (not now distant) when I shall again step on the soil of Ohio. My pleasure is, however, mingled with something of sadness, that my health will not admit of so constant and protracted labor as when I have been in the State before. Through the Summer thus far, it has been my aim and purpose to recover, but I have only partially succeeded. My brain is still affected, and some other difficulties give me many unpleasant days and nights. I have during the last month attended but one meeting a week, and that only in connexion with two or three other speakers, so that my work has generally been very light. I could do more than that now, but am husbanding my strength for my visit to the West.

Yours is the field for labor, although the calls in New England are louder and longer and stronger than ever before. The new 'Trinity' formed recently in behalf of Church and State, consisting of Webster, Rynders and Professor Stuart, has shocked many into anti-slavery life. They have risen as from the dead to convince multitudes on whom our arguments and entreaties have been spent in vain. Let us welcome even such auxiliaries.

And loud as are our calls, we have very few indeed to answer them, either East or West. We have whole prairies of harvest, but where are the reapers? I would lie by and rest a year, but for the lack of them. Our positions are so startling, our doctrines so uncompromising, and to the world, so extravagant, that but few of our new converts, even from the learned professions, feel themselves equal to the battle in their defence. We need more than ever the old powder-smoked and war-scarred veterans, who have snuffed the conflict from the beginning.

But I will not occupy your space. I hope soon to see you, and many more of my never to be forgotten friends in Ohio. And such ability as I have, both bodily and mental, I shall devote to lay upon your altar.

Yours, "world without end,"
PARKER PILLSBURY.
Lynn, Mass., 25th July, 1850.

New Mexico.

Hugh N. Smith, Delegate from New Mexico, has been refused a seat in Congress (where he would have had power merely to explain and defend the local wants and needs of his constituents, without the right to vote) by a vote of 105 to 94. Of the ayes (in favor of exclusion) 25 were from the North—all Democrats. Every Whig from the North, who voted at all, voted against this outrage upon the rights of a conquered territory. Two Southern Whigs (Gentry of Tenn. and Houston of Del.) also voted the same way; but the mass of that party in the Slave States voted with the Democrats for exclusion. The number of Whigs who voted against exclusion was 66—of Democrats only 19!—21 Members (all from the North!) were absent, or not voting—15 of them Whigs, 6 Democrats. Two of the Doughfaces who voted for exclusion were from Ohio, viz: John K. Miller, William A. Whittlesey. Of the absentees or dodgers 3 (2 Dem. and 1 Whig) were from Ohio. The rest of the Ohio delegation (7 Dem., 7 Whigs, 2 Free-soil) voted against exclusion.

Texas is all on fire with indignation—a special session of the Legislature has been called—and it is affirmed that the State is determined to enforce her jurisdiction over New Mexico at whatever hazard. The President waits for the complete organization of the Cabinet, but his friends assert that he will stand by New Mexico, as Gen. Taylor had determined to do.

Pay Up.

T. M. WICKESHAM, who for some weeks past has been traveling on the Western Reserve for the purpose of making collections and obtaining subscribers for The Bugle, is about to visit Medina Co. We hope those of our subscribers in that region who are in arrears will be prepared to settle their accounts when he calls upon them; and that such as wish to pay in advance will avail themselves of the opportunity thus offered to do so.

Death of S. Margaret Fuller.

With emotions of regret and sorrow we record the death of S. MARGARET FULLER, by marriage Marchioness of Ossoli, who, with her husband and child, was drowned in the wreck of the brig Elizabeth from Leghorn for New-York, on the South shore of Long Island, on Friday, the 19th ult. The circumstances attending this sad event were most distressing. Nearly five years ago she left her country and a circle of relatives and friends to whom she was warmly attached for a foreign tour. She visited England, Scotland, France, and Italy. Spending the Winter of 1845—6 in Rome, she became acquainted with the Marquis d'Ossoli, to whom she was subsequently married. Both she and her husband took an active part in the Republican movement in Italy, which resulted so disastrously. "She threw her whole soul," says The Tribune, "into that struggle, animated the defenders of Italy by voice and pen, and ministered to the wounded patriots in the hospitals during the terrific siege and bombardment of Rome by Oudinot."

Having spent nearly five years in foreign lands and become a wife and mother, she took passage at Leghorn, with her husband and child, for her native home, happy in the thought of meeting once more her fondly cherished mother and beloved brothers and sisters, and greeting again the numerous friends who had watched her honorable career abroad with feelings of sincerest pride and pleasure. At the very moment when the consummation of her brightest hopes seemed near at hand, within a short distance of New-York, the vessel in which she, her husband and child, were passengers, became the prey of a sudden and terrible tempest, and all found a watery grave!

It was our privilege to know Miss Fuller quite intimately, and it affords us pleasure to bear testimony to the kindness of her disposition and her great moral worth. For nearly two of the four years during which we were Assistant Editor of the New-York Tribune, she was also connected with that journal in the department of Reviews, and Criticism on Current Literature, Art, Music, &c.—a post for which, by her abilities, both natural and acquired, she was eminently qualified. Probably no woman in the United States ever received a more substantial and thorough intellectual training. "Her father," says The Tribune, "was from childhood her chief instructor, guide, companion and friend. At eight years of age he was accustomed to require of her the composition of a number of Latin verses per day, while her studies in Philosophy, History, General Science, and current Literature were in after years extensive and profound." Her "Summer on the Lakes," "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," and her contributions to The Dial and The Tribune, though not of the sort to be generally popular, were yet marked by breadth of view, vigor of thought, and a fearless and independent spirit. We believe with The Tribune that America has produced no woman who in mental endowments and acquirements has surpassed Margaret Fuller, and we join the same paper in the hope that a fitting Memoir may speedily be given to the public.

Cheap Postage.

The bill lately introduced to the House by the Post Office Committee provides for the reduction of the rates of postage for all distances to three cents, if prepaid, and five cents on all half-ounce letters, and the same rates for each additional half-ounce. On newspapers, delivered anywhere in the State where printed, half-cent, and on all newspapers delivered out of the State where printed, one cent. On all pamphlets, magazines, books and periodicals, two cents for the first ounce and one cent for each additional ounce.

The bill also provides for stamps of the value of three cents, to be affixed to purchasers and Postmasters at ten per cent. discount, when the amount purchased is over fifty dollars.

It also provides for the coinage of three-cent pieces of silver, with sufficient alloy to make them of convenient size.

It also appropriates, to supply any deficiency that may arise by the reduction of postage rates, \$1,500,000; this sum standing now to the credit of the Post-Office Department, as the excess of its revenue over and above its expenditures since its establishment.

That the bill will be passed at the present session is more than we venture to hope.

THE CRISIS.—This, as most of our readers know, is the title of a small monthly sheet, issued at Cincinnati, by William Henry Brisbane, a repentant slaveholder, formerly a resident of South Carolina. The paper is specially adapted for circulation at the South, Mr. Brisbane's knowledge of men and affairs in that region enabling him to find channels through which arguments and facts may reach Southern minds. The price of the paper is 50 cents per annum, and donations are solicited to enable the Editor to carry out his plan of gratuitous circulation in the Slave States.

CONTOY PRISONERS.—Forty-two of the American prisoners in Havana have been liberated, one of them being pardoned for confession and information rendered to the Cuban government. Against the rest no cause of action was found. The correspondent of The Tribune states that the trial of the ten remaining is proceeding as rapidly as practicable. It is supposed that seven seamen will be cleared, and that the Captain of the Georgiana, Rufus Benson, the mate, Joseph Grafton, Rufus of the Susan Loud, Thomas G. Hale, will be dealt with as guilty parties, or pirates.

THE CABINET.—The list of Cabinet appointments given last week, on telegraphic authority, was erroneous in one important particular. The new Postmaster General, it appears, is not A. A. Hall of Tennessee, but N. K. Hall of New York (Buffalo). The South, therefore, has not yet lost four of the seven Cabinet offices.

This and That.

The difference between an honest man of elevated thought, free from party bias, and a mere partizan, with only one idea, and that of ill-limited dimensions, was never more fully exemplified than in the following extracts from notices of the death of our chief magistrate, the first of which we take from the OBERLIN EVANGELIST, and the other from the ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE, the organ of Abby Kelley Fosterism in Ohio.—*Elvira Courier.*

From the Oberlin Evangelist.
Of his preparation in the eye of God and as tested already in the spirit world, we have no certain means of judging. That in public civil life he has sought what he deemed the best good of his country, we know of no reason to question. In many things his upright and decided course has won for him our approbation and our growing confidence. His relations to slavery and to the South gave him an influence to restrain the extreme wing of the pro-slavery party which we fear no living man will rise up in his stead to wield. It may be that we shall ere long see that we have but too much reason to deplore his death. But our trust for our country is, and shall be, in the living God. If we place Him, He will save us. If we incur his frown, it were vain for us to repose in strong men to avert the judgments we deserve.

From the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

A Telegraphic dispatch from Hon. J. Cable, M. C. from this district, to W. D. Morgan of New Lisbon, dated Washington, July 10th, says: "President Taylor is dead! He expired last (Tuesday) night at eleven o'clock." Previous advice represented him to be extremely ill of Cholera Morbus, to which disease he has fallen a victim. Whether the "Second Washington," like the first, has provided by his will for the emancipation of his slaves, or whether they are the doomed victims of still further wrongs at the hands of new masters, remains to be seen. His fulsome eulogists probably will not trouble themselves about so small a matter as the freedom or slavery of 300 'niggers'!

The 'difference' between our commentary upon the death of Gen. Taylor, and that of the Oberlin Evangelist, in spite of the Courier's sneer, is one of which we are not ashamed. In the Courier's vocabulary 'an honest man of elevated thought' appears to be one who has a knack of smothering wholesome but unpopular truth in a puddle of cant; while it brands as a man of 'one idea' him who prefers Liberty as man's chief good and refuses to shout the praises of a Barabbas who despoils his fellow-men of their inalienable rights, and dies leaving them in chains! It's of no use to talk to us of the honesty of Gen. Taylor, while we know that he was guilty of what Wesley has truly declared to be the 'sum of all villainy.' It requires but a feeble capacity to utter the parrot-cry of 'one idea' the most diminutive 'Lilliput' that ever perched himself on an editorial chair can accomplish the feat; but it takes a soul of mainly proportions to comprehend the great principle of Human Freedom.

If the Editor of the Courier had lived in the days of Jesus, and heard from his lips the injunction, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added," he would doubtless have exclaimed, "What a 'mere partizan' to think that every thing essential to human happiness is wrapped up in 'one idea'!"

PRESIDENT FILLMORE'S CABINET, though composed of four Southern to three Northern men, is after all not Southern enough to suit the Slavery Propagandists. Hear the complaint of Ellwood Fisher's Southern Press:

We are surprised however at the local and sectional character of the Cabinet. Not a single member comes from a cotton planting or large slaveholding State—although the most important questions now pending, affect that class of others. There are four members from slaveholding States, Maryland, North Carolina, Kentucky and Missouri—States of the smallest slave population, and supposed to have the greatest affinity for the North.—The slaveholding States left without a single representative in the Cabinet, are in population, wealth, production and commerce, at least twice as great as those who have four members allotted to them. The three Northern States which are represented are ultra sectional in opinion.—Massachusetts, New York and Ohio. The four Southern members are of high Northern Whig politics.

Slavery is indeed a hard master, when it refuses to be satisfied with such a Cabinet as that of the new President, with the renegade Webster at its head.

PHRENOLOGICAL LECTURES.—Mr. Nelson Sizer, from the house of Fowlers and Wells, New York, has been lecturing upon Phrenology at Ravenna, to thronged houses. He visits no place where he is not invited. We wish there were spirit and enterprise enough in our citizens to invite him to come to Salem. Many of our people, however, having been foolish enough to pay for the senseless rant and buffoonery of the distinguished (!) Dr. Evans, we fear they will be little inclined to part with their money to any lecturer, however good, until the remembrance of their folly has passed away.

THE CONCORD FREE PRESS, (alias The Anti-Slavery True Witness,) after a suspension of several months, has been revived under the editorial supervision of Mrs. C. C. BEATTY. We infer that it is to be less radical than it was under its former Editors, but decidedly reformatory and progressive. Mrs. Beatty is unknown to us, but we are always glad to welcome a woman into the editorial fraternity; and, if we may judge from the editorials in her first number, she is likely in her new occupation to do credit to herself and her sex and contribute to the elevation and enlightenment of her readers.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP (the 'Artful Dodger') has been appointed Senator in place of Daniel Webster. As a member of the House he was an advocate of Taylor's scheme, but he will probably find no difficulty in swallowing Clay's Compromise.

Cause of the Slave in Ellsworth.

BERLIN, July 24, 1850.
DEAR OLIVER: A meeting was appointed for me last evening in Ellsworth. I went there to meet the appointment. There are two meeting houses in that town—a Presbyterian and a Methodist; there is also a school-house and a town-house. The meeting had been appointed in the school-house. On arriving there, I saw a man by the name of Conrad A. Bunts, who, with Joseph Colt, and one other constitutes the school directors, and has control of the school-house. I was intending to speak on the subject of Anti-Slavery, thinking there could be no place in this part of Ohio where that subject could not obtain a hearty hearing.

I asked Conrad A. Bunts, "Can I speak on the subject of slavery in the school-house this evening?" His reply was, "There is a Presbyterian Church here, and that has never been open to Anti-Slavery; there is a Methodist Church, and that has never been open to Anti-Slavery. Every thing has been admitted into the school-house except Anti-Slavery. That has never been admitted into it, and no Anti-Slavery meeting, shall be held there with my consent." "How do the other directors think about it?" I asked. "I saw Wm. Colt," said he, "and he says he will not give his consent to have a meeting on slavery held in the school-house." I am informed that Conrad A. Bunts is a member of the Methodist church; and Joseph Colt a member of the Presbyterian church. Wm. Colt is a Whig in politics; and goes for Whiggery and Presbyterianism. I inquired if there was any other hall or public building in Ellsworth that could be obtained to hold an Anti-Slavery meeting? "Not one," was the answer.

Thus while there are meeting-houses and school-houses in Ellsworth which, according to the account of Conrad Bunts, can be open to Presbyterianism, Methodism, Whiggery, Democracy, Concerts and Shows of various kinds, there is not a hall, a school-house, a church, or any other public building, in which the gospel of Anti-Slavery can be preached, and where men, women and children can meet to devise ways and means to rescue three millions of their fellow beings from the pollutions and horrors of American Slavery.

I was told the people of Ellsworth were a meeting-going, Sabbath-keeping, praying, religious, God-fearing, and God-worshipping people. I doubt not they are, as these things are understood by this slave-trading and slave-holding nation; for going to meeting, keeping a Sabbath, praying, and religion, are in the opinion of the priests, politicians, and churches, perfectly consistent with stealing, selling, and enslaving human beings. What are their highest conceptions of God? That he has, in past ages of the world, and does now, approvingly tolerate the existence of polygamy, concubinage, plunder, arson, robbery, murder, and every crime necessary to the existence of war and slavery. The views of God and Religion entertained by the people of Ellsworth seem to have little reference to justice, mercy and humanity. They expend their energies in worshipping what they call God, but three millions of slaves, fallen among thieves and robbers, lie at the doors of these churches and school-houses. Conrad Bunts being witness, the priests, deacons, and religionists of the place pass them by, and go to worship their God, leaving his children to perish unheeded, unpitied.

But I cannot think Conrad Bunts and Joseph Colt fairly represent all the people of Ellsworth. They may represent the Methodism and Presbyterianism of the town; but do they represent its Humanity? I trust not. If there be one man or woman, in that place, who pities the slave and knows and loves the God of the oppressed, I hope that man or woman will give no sleep to his eyes nor slumber to his eye-lids, till all the churches and school-houses are opened to the cry of the heart-broken and perishing slaves. If there be no one in Ellsworth to move in this matter, I hope the friends of God and Humanity in Berlin, Salem, Canfield, and other adjoining towns, will cry aloud and spare not in the care of the people of the town till it shall be shaken by Anti-Slavery agitation and the people there talk of the suffering slaves when they go out and when they come in, when they lie down and when they rise up, and in the meeting-houses and school-houses.

Is there no store, no joiner's shop, no barn, in Ellsworth, in which the cause of human liberty and rights can be advocated? Is there no Shoemaker's shop in which the crushed, and imbruted slave can be heard through his agent? I wish some Shoemaker in Ellsworth would imitate the noble conduct of their fellow tradesman, CHARLES BETTS, in Deerfield—open his shop to this great question of Humanity, and when the pro-slavery supporters of the church and government threaten to blow up the shop, when they bespatter the shop and the meeting with eggs, still say my shop shall be open to the slave and to the God of the oppressed.—Is there not a grove in Ellsworth, in which an Anti-Slavery Convention can be held? I hope the friends of Humanity will pray for Ellsworth as only Abolitionists are used to pray for the oppressed and outcast—i. e. by earnest entreaties, and by stern rebukes, addressed to the supporters and perpetrators of slavery, and by energetic action. Such prayers have prevailed and will prevail, to the pulling down of the Methodist, Presbyterian, and political strongholds of the sum of all villainy.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

JAY'S REPLY TO STUART, which will be found at length in our columns this week, is one of the best specimens of controversial writing that we have seen for many years. The Judge has ground his opponent to an impalpable powder, by a process which has afforded us great satisfaction.

THE CHRONOTYPE, says the Boston Bee, is to be revived sometime this month, under the charge of its former Editor.

A writer in the many of the S. "a majority of one" a sufficient, earn birth and prejudices, sym with the North, saying that near men of the S. Free States, wh too lazy to do and growl at the slaveholders that their own citadel organ from telli ly.

The Colonizat regular packet for rovin for the con is said that the of Congress, to ferred, have arg for the establish steamers, to run States and the A of Africa.

A benevolent received from Br Congress to re the favor was out of the slave the books might opposed to their fellows, these the ghost of an a

The Whigs of ed at their recent recognize the ob situation in refer then gravely insist by jury, as if they or one proved to be situation! What Northern politica lains in supporti pact.

One of the South press has admitted Tribune that while consideration, som course) went to the It is thus that sh character as crimin

David Wilmot cheerfully vote were in accordance was the owner of slaves is not contrar slaves,' or that he jud rather than their pr

'Long John' We a re-election to Co mate that Congress our only because, t reach them! He tical shuffler, at one gard for freedom, and

J. Stanley Grimes ments in the Tribu "mysterious rapping and contrivance, has extinguished by E. lough. The rappin to any natural cau puzzle as ever.

The Southern Pre the Union can be pr of our territorial North and South—l ing all South of a ce able horrors of Sla even the douglfaced

Horace Sumner, a Sumner, of Boston Peace, was lost to both from Leghorn Fuller Ossoli and h man of fine attainm

The Lowell Amer Mr. Webster, on the pany with the slav brethren, in favor of miles of New Mexi laws of Texas. I whig who voted the

A traveling corre mocrat thinks that rents had been plac hawk, they would h er Eve would not h

David Wilmot, in lieved the interests Republic, and wic opposed to slavery heartless, unfeeling, of humanity.

The Texas bond finger the \$10,000, forms a part of Clay a terrible panic now the head. "There's Mr. Kenyon, a D County, preached th in Ravenna on Sun speaks highly of the

Abbot Lawrence, as Minister sional exertions of the wind, that 'Pilat daily become friend

A new town, call is to be revived sometime this month, under the charge of its former Editor.

Miscellaneous.

The Reconciled Father.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

"I am going around by Broad street, to inquire of Ross, the glover, about little Lucy Wendall."

"Lucy Wendall! who is she?"

"She is a pretty little Dutch girl, who lived opposite to me in that bit of a dwelling, that looks like a crack or seam between the two houses on each side of it. She lived with her grand parents, natives of this city, and one proprietor of many of this city, and they had been reduced to this little tenement, some twenty feet by fifteen. Their only surviving descendant was my pretty friend Lucy, a pretty, fair-skinned, fair-headed, blue-eyed girl, of a most modest, quiet, engaging demeanor. For many months after we moved to State street, I knew nothing of the family; but, from such observations as my eye could take, neatness was the ruling passion of the household. Their only servant, Minerva, (the Goddess of Wisdom should have known better,) used to scrub the house weekly from garret to cellar; their carpet was shook every Saturday, the steps scoured daily, and I never in my life saw the old woman without a dusting-cloth in her hand. Such a war of extermination did she carry on against intruding particles, that my friend E. used to say it must be hard to her to think of 'turning to dust.'"

"Lucy had no visitors, no companions, and of the only indulgence of the old people, which was, sitting on the stoop every afternoon, according to the ancient Dutch custom, she never partook. She never went out, excepting on Sunday to church, and then she reminded me of one of those bright, pretty flowers, that hang on the cragged, bare stems of the cactus. I pitied her, her spring of life seemed passing away so dearly. My pity was misapplied; and I felt it to be so when I looked into her serene countenance, and saw there the impress of that happiness which flows from duties religiously performed! It is great matter, Grace, to have your desires bounded within your station; to be satisfied with the quiet, unnoticed performance of the duties Providence has allotted to you, and not to waste your efforts or strength in seeking to do good, or to obtain pleasure, beyond our sphere. This is true wisdom; and this was Lucy Wendall's. At last there came to this family what comes to all, death and its changes. The old man and his wife died within a few days of each other, of the hope that then raged in the city. The hope of serving the orphan induced me to go to the house. She received me gratefully, as an old friend; for, though we had never exchanged a word, there had been an interchange of kind and friendly nods—those little humanities that bind even strangers together. On inquiry into her affairs, I found she was left almost penniless, but a discreet and kind female friend had procured a place for her in Ross' glove factory. Lucy was skilled in all the arts and handicraft of the needle. Ross, it seems, is a very thriving tradesman; and, to the warm recommendation of Lucy's friend, he too, had promised to board her in his family, and, allowing her sufficient compensation for her labor."

"In a few days she removed to her new house. It is now fifteen months since she left our street. She came once to tell me that she was perfectly satisfied with her place, and, since then, I have heard nothing of her. Do not look so reproving, my lady Mentor. I have been intending for some time to call at Mr. Ross', to make inquiries about her. My story has brought us almost to the shop; John Ross, glove manufacturer? This must be the place. Stop one moment, Grace, and look through the window; that man, no doubt, is Ross himself. What a fine head! You might know such a man would succeed in the world, let his lot be cast where it would. He would have made a resolute general, a safe statesman; but he is an honest, thriving glover, and that, perhaps, is just as well; nothing truer than the true old couplet:

"Honor and fame from no condition rise;
Act well your part: there all the honor lies."

"The old man looks as though he might be a little tyrannical, though. Heaven grant that poor Lucy may not have suffered from that trait in his physiognomy."

"The only customer is coming out now; we have a fair field, let us go in."

"Mr. Ross, I believe."

"The same, ma'am."

"I came, Mr. Ross, to inquire after a young woman who came to live with you last Christmas."

"I have a great many young women living with me, ma'am."

"The old man's humor required me to be explicit. Her name, Mr. Ross, was Lucy Wendall."

"Ah, Lucy Wendall did come into the factory about that time."

"There was an expression in Ross' face at the mention of her name, that might betide good, and it might betide evil of Lucy."

"I merely wish to know, Mr. Ross, whether Lucy has given satisfaction, and whether she still remains with you?"

"Was you a friend to Lucy Wendall, ma'am?"

"I should think it an honor to call myself so, but I could hardly claim that name. She was my neighbor, and interested me by her correct deportment, and uncommon dutifulness to her old parents."

"Ross made no reply, but fumbled over some gloves that were on the counter, then tied up the bundle and laid it on the shelf."

"You seem, Mr. Ross, not disposed to answer my inquiry. I am afraid some accident has happened to the poor girl."

"Would you like to know ma'am what has happened to her?" He leaned his elbow on his desk, and seemed about to begin his story."

"Certainly, I would."

"Well, you know when Lucy Wendall came to me, she was a little demure thing, not a beauty, but so comely and so tidy, that she was a pretty resting-place for the eye of old or young. She was as great a contrast to the other girls in the shop as white is to black. She just sat quiet in one corner and minded her work, and took no part in their gabbling. You know what a parcel of girls are ma'am, dinging away from morning till night, like forty thousand chimney-swallows. Lucy was very different; she made herself neat and tidy in the morning, and did not lose half an hour at noon when the 'prentice boys were coming to dinner, twitching out curl-papers and fur-blowing her hair. The boys at... girls used to have their joke about her, and call her the little parson; but she only preached in her actions, and that is what I call practical preaching, ma'am: she was a little master-workman at her needle, I never had a match for her since I began business; but you know there's always a but in this life; she gave me great offense. She crossed me where I could least bear to be crossed."

"You shall hear, ma'am. I have an only son, John Ross—a fine, fresh-looking, good-natured, industrious lad. I set my heart on his marrying his cousin Amy Bruce. She is the daughter of my youngest sister, and had a pretty fortune in hand, enough to set up John in any business he fancied. There was no reason in the world why he should not like Amy. I had kept my wishes to myself, because I knew that young folks' love is like an unbroken colt, that will not mind spur nor bit. I never mistrusted anything was going wrong, till one day I heard the girls making a great wonder about a Canary bird that they found, when they went in the morning into the workshop, in a cage hanging over Lucy's seat; and then I remembered that John had asked me for five dollars the day before, and when I asked what he wanted it for, he looked sheepish, and made no answer. I thought it prudent, before matters went any further, to tell John my wishes about his cousin Amy. My wishes, ma'am, I have always made a law to my children. To be sure, I have taken care, for the most, that they should be reasonable. I am a little willful, I own it; but it's young folks' business to mind; and children, obey your parents' is the law both of scripture and of nature. So I told John, I did not hint any suspicions about Lucy, but I told him, this marriage with his cousin he could have no objection to, what I had long set my heart upon, and what he must set about without delay, on peril of my displeasure. He was silent, and looked downcast; but saw that I was determined, and I believed he would obey me. A few evenings after, I saw a light in the workshop after the usual time, I went to inquire into it. I had only my slippers, and my shoes made little or no sound. The upper part of the door was set with glass. I saw Lucy finishing off a pair of gloves—my son was standing by her. It appears they were for him, and he insisted upon her trying them on his hand. Her's, poor thing, seemed to tremble. The glove would not go on, but it came off, and their hands met without gloves, and a nice fit they were. I burst in upon them. I asked John if this was obedience to me, and told Lucy to quit my service immediately. Now the whole matter is past, I must do John the justice to say he stood by her like a man. He had given his heart and promised his hand to Lucy, and she owned she loved him—him who was not unworthy of her love. He said, too, something of my being a kind father, and a kind man; and he would not believe that the first case of my doing a wrong would be to the poor orphan girl whom Providence had placed under our roof. Ma'am you will wonder that I hardened my heart to all this, but know anger is a short madness, and, besides, there is nothing makes us so deaf to reason and true feeling as the strong senses of a magic word, which, when it comes, we are wilfully doing wrong."

"I was harsh, and John lost his temper, and poor Lucy cried, and was too frightened to speak; it ended in my telling Lucy she should not stay another day in my house, and John, that, if he did not obey me, my curse should be upon him."

"The next morning they had both cleared out, and everybody thought they had gone off to get married, and so I believed till night, when John came in like a distracted man, said he had been all day seeking Lucy in vain; that the only friend who had in the city knew nothing of her; and when I answered, 'so much the better,' he accused me of cruelty, and then followed high words, such as should never pass between father and son; and it ended in my turning him from my door. I do not wonder you turn away—but hear me. Saturday night, three days after, John came home an altered man. He was as humble as if he only had been wrong. He begged pardon, and promised to obey me in all things but marrying Amy Bruce. 'I give up Lucy, father,' said he, 'but I cannot marry anybody else.' I forgave him, from the bottom of my heart, I forgave him—and I long to ask him to forgive me—but I have not come to that yet. I asked him what had brought him back to duty. He put into my hands a letter which he had received from Lucy."

"She had persevered in not seeing him; but, such a letter, ladies! If ministers could so speak to the heart, there would be no sin in the world. She said she had deserved to suffer for carrying the matter so far without my knowledge. She spoke of me as the kindest of masters. Then she spoke of the duty a child owed to a parent; said she should never have any peace of mind till she heard we were reconciled; and told him it would be in vain for him to seek her, for she had solemnly resolved never to see him again. The paper was blistered with tears from the top to the bottom; but, saving and excepting that, ma'am, there was nothing from which you could guess what it cost to write the letter."

"I could not stand it; my heart melted within me; I found her that very night, and, without loss of time, brought her back to my house, and then," he added, walking hastily to the farther end of the shop, and throwing open a door that led into the back parlor, "there, ma'am, is the long and short of it."

"And there was one of the most touching scenes of human life. My pretty, dutiful friend became a wife and mother, her infant in her arms, and her husband sitting beside her, watching the first intimations of intelligence and love in its bright little face. Such should be the summer of happiness when the spring is consecrated to virtue."

"MARION'S PREACHING.—His definition of charity embraced the wide circle of kindness. 'Every good act,' he would say, 'is charity.' Your smiling in your brother's face is charity; an exhortation to your fellow men to virtuous deeds, is equal to almsgiving; your putting a wanderer in the right road is charity; your assisting the blind is charity; your removing stones and thorns and other obstructions from the road is charity; your giving water to the thirsty is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he does in this world to his fellow man. When he dies, poor people will say, 'What property has he left behind him?' But the angels who examine him at the grave will ask, 'What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?'—Washington Irving's *Life of Mahomed*.

"JOKE ON A DAIRYMAN.—A Worcestershire dairyman was awake by a wag at midnight, with the announcement that his best cow was chocking. He forthwith jumped up to save crumie; when lo! he found a turnip stuck in the spout of the pump."

"Speaking of women's rights—they would make good judges, for while waiting for the verdict of a jury they could employ their time in hemming sheets, or making petticoats—says old Single."

The Story-Teller.

ALL blessings on their name and fame,
The pleasant story-tellers,
The benefactors of the world,
Care-soothers—sorrow-quellers.

Blessings upon them each and all,
From sweet Scheherazade—
(The best of story-tellers yet,
A model of a lady—)

To modern times when other dames,
As tender and loquacious,
Pour forth three volumes at a time,
Romantic and vivacious.

Blessings upon them! whatso'er
Their language or their nation,
Who people earth with deathless forms
Of beautiful creation!

On old Boccaccio, gay as youth—
On Chaucer, fresh as morning;
On heavenly Shakespeare, friend of man,
Humanity adorning!

On staunch Defoe, whose fruits were sweet,
Though somewhat stubborn-rinded;
On honest Bunyan, firm of faith,
Sublime, but simple-minded!

On Swift, from out whose bitterness
There came a sweetness after;
On Sterne, the master of our tears,
The ruler of our laughter!

On Fielding, from whose wondrous pen
Came forth a stream incessant
Of wit and mirth, and feeling too,
And genial fancies pleasant!

On Smollett, Goldsmith, Richardson;
And Bedell, fair-haired, and young;
Dear to our hearts for youthful dreams,
A sweet, but sad enchantress!

On Walter Scott, great Potentate,
Who ruled o'er wide dominions,
As wide as fancy ever surveyed,
On her supporting pinions!

On Dickens, monarch of our hearts—
The Wizard's fit successor;
And on all story-tellers true—
The greater and the lesser!

On all who spurr'd through Fairyland
Their flying Rosinantes;
On Rabelais, Voltaire, Rousseau,
Lesage, and quaint Cervantes.

But if my voice might claim for one
A special benediction,
I'd pour it on Lesage's head,
For his immortal fiction.

The roguish boy of Santillane—
Who has not read his story?
Who has not revel'd o'er his faults,
His trials, and his glory?

Who has not learn'd in youth or age
Some wisdom from his preaching,
Some gem of truth he might have scorn'd
From more obtrusive teaching?

But blessings on them, each and all,
I make no reservation;
If in their pages they love mankind,
And seek its elevation!

If evermore, both right and wrong
They bring to due fruition,
And show that knavery in the end
Must work its own perdition!

If evermore their words console
The virtuous in dejection,
And if their laughter like their tears
Teach goodness and affection!

My choicest blessings on their heads—
Care-soothers—sorrow-quellers—
Creators of a magic world,
Immortal story-tellers.

From the Buffalo Morning Express.

Thrilling Incident.

On Saturday last, a middle aged man living on Navy Island, started in a small canoe, with his son, a lad of some twelve years old, for Chippewa. The distance is short—less than a mile, we should say, and although the current of the river is quite rapid, the trip is not attended with any hazard, if the boat is managed with ordinary skill. But in this case the man was very drunk, and only embarrassed the boy, so the boat drifted below the mouth of the creek before the boy could approach the shore. Seeing the impossibility of reaching the Canada shore, the boy turned her toward the head of Goat Island, paddling with surprising strength and dexterity, his father barely steering, without rendering him any efficient aid.

The boat was swept down with frightful velocity, but the boy struggled most perseveringly, and when she was drawn into the rapids, he had propelled her so far across the Canada channel as to direct her course between the middle and inside Sister, the little islands lying outside of Goat Island, near the upper end. There is a fall of some fifteen or twenty feet, just above the little islets, extending nearly across the Canada or main channel of the river. Mortal aid could not have availed the poor boy and his father, if the boat had pitched over this fall. They must certainly have gone over the great fall, which man has never passed alive. Aware of the imminent peril, as the boat was on the verge of a small precipice, he had sprung into the water, drawing his father after him, and maintaining an upright position with great difficulty, upheld his helpless parent until they were rescued by the people from the village at the Falls, who had collected in large numbers on the shore opposite to the point where the boat was abandoned. The boat was dashed to pieces in passing down the rapids, and the fragments were carried down the falls, before the man and his son were taken to the land.

WOMAN'S WIT.—An elderly lady, telling her age, remarked that she was born on the 22d of April. Her husband, who was present, observed "I always thought you were born on the first of April." "People might well judge so," responded the matron, "in the choice I made of a husband."

JOKE ON A DAIRYMAN.—A Worcestershire dairyman was awake by a wag at midnight, with the announcement that his best cow was chocking. He forthwith jumped up to save crumie; when lo! he found a turnip stuck in the spout of the pump."

Speaking of women's rights—they would make good judges, for while waiting for the verdict of a jury they could employ their time in hemming sheets, or making petticoats—says old Single."

A Horrible Picture.

The Dublin Nation contains a horrifying account of the condition of Ireland, from the pen of Mr. Duffy. He says:—

"No words printed in a newspaper, or elsewhere, will give the man who has not seen it, a conception of the fallen condition of the West and the South. The famine and the landlords have actually created a new race in Ireland. I have seen on the streets of Galway, crowds of creatures more degraded than the Yahoos of Swift—creatures having only distant and hideous resemblance to human beings. Gray-haired old men, whose idiot faces had hardened into a settled leer of mendicancy, simious and semi-human; and women filthier and more frightful than the harpies, who, at the jingle of a coin on the pavement, swarmed in myriads from unseen places struggling, screaming, shrieking for their prey, like some monstrous and unclean animals. In Westport, the sight of a priest on the street gathered an entire pauper population, thick as a village market swarming round him for relief. Beggars children, beggar adults, beggars in white hair, girls with faces gray and shriveled, the grave stamped upon them in a degree which could not be recalled; women with the more touching and tragical aspect of lingering shame and self-respect not yet effaced; and among these terrible realities, imposture shaking in pretended fits, to add the last touch of horrible grotesqueness to the picture! I have seen these accursed sights, and they are burned into my memory forever. Away from the towns, other scenes of unimaginable horror disclose themselves. The traveler meets groups, and even troops, of wild, idle, lunatic-looking paupers wandering over the country, each with some tale of extermination to tell. If he penetrates into a cabin, and can distinguish objects among filth and darkness, of which an ordinary pig-stye affords but a faint image, he will probably discover from a dozen to twenty inmates in the hut—the ejected colliers—clustering together, and brooding a pestilence. What kind of creatures men and women become living in this dunghill, what kind of children are reared here to grow up into a new generation, I have no words to paint."

From the Lake Superior Journal.

Remarkable Phenomenon.

We are indebted to Mr. JOHN SPALDING of this place for the following interesting particulars of a singular phenomenon that took place at Two Heart river, about 70 miles above this place on the Southern Shore of Lake Superior. At 11 o'clock in the day of the 18th ult., Mr. Spaulding's attention was attracted to a slight agitation of the water near the shore, and very soon he saw, with surprise, the land suddenly rise out of the water a few rods from the shore and within a stone's throw of himself. The beach opposite was also raised up at the same time to a height of some twelve feet.

The new island is round and about 150 feet in circumference, and is raised above the water six feet, and the rise on the beach, which is wide at this place, is of about the same size and looks like a hillock of sand. The new island was at first covered with sand and pebbles like the bottom of the lake, but the waves have dashed over it since and washed it down to a black clay. The water was about 5 feet deep when the island was formed, and a boat had passed over the very spot not five minutes before its formation.

A few rods from the beach, back on the rise of ground, a great depression of the earth took place as remarkable as the upheaving of the water. A circular spot of ground, some fifty rods in circumference, covered with trees, was suddenly sunk down to the depth of 20 feet below the surface.

A number of Indians, who were encamped near this place, were very much frightened at this strange manifestation of the power of the "Great Spirit," and fled from the place in great terror, and could not be persuaded to return to visit the spot. No agitation of the earth, or shock or noise took place, and the cause must have been far less powerful than the internal convulsions of the earth that usually accompany such phenomena; it still is worthy the notice and consideration of geologists and scientific inquirers after truth; and we shall be obliged for any additional particulars that will throw light upon the subject, or for any information that will explain the singular phenomenon.

Appendix to Webster's Dictionary.

Websterlogic.—The name of a fashionable cloak, spun and woven in eastern cotton mills, and fitted by a southern Taylor, to cover the nation's leprosy.

Websterfugitives.—"Whistling against the North wind."

Websterlegislation.—Re-enacting infernal, rather than divine laws.

Webstergranite.—A substance apparently solid in Massachusetts, which softens to dough under a southern sun.

Webstervirtue.—A fruit of very refreshing and invigorating qualities, cultivated in the northern states, but acquiring a nauseous flavor, cultivated below latitude 36° 30'.

WebsterandClayomibus.—A vehicle which the people of the free states must upset and destroy, being too slow for these railroad and telegraphic times.

Websterunion.—See "Union" on Webster!

DAGUERRETYPE OF THE STAR LYRA.—We had the pleasure, to-day, of looking upon the daguerretype face of the beautiful star Lyra. It was obtained by Mr. Bond, of the Cambridge Observatory, (aided by Mr. Whipple, the celebrated daguerreotypist of this city,) at about 11 o'clock on Tuesday night. This is believed to be the first instance in which an attempt to daguerretype a star has succeeded. The picture of the star is quite distinct, and of the size of a pin head, and was obtained in about 30 seconds, the great refracting telescope of the Observatory being used without the eye-glass. Scientific men will regard this experiment with great interest, as the possible prelude to important astronomical developments.—*Boston Traveller*, 16th.

A clergyman, whose turn it was to preach in a certain church, happening to get wet, was standing before the session room to dry his clothes, and when his colleague came in, he asked him to preach for him, as he was very wet. "No, sir, I thank you," was the prompt reply; "preach yourself; you will be dry enough in the pulpit."

Agents for the Bugle.

OHIO.

New Garden—D. L. Galbreath and I. Johnson.
Columbiana—Lot Holmes.
Cool Springs—Mahlon Irvin.
Berlin—Jacob H. Barnes.
Marbleboro—Dr. K. G. Thomas.
Cincinnati—John Wetmore.
Lowellville—John Bissell.
Youngstown—J. S. Johnson.
New Lyme—Marsena Miller.
Selma—Thomas Swayne.
Springboro—Ira Thomas.
Harveysburg—V. Nicholson.
Oakland—Elizabeth Brooke.
Chagrin Falls—S. Dickenson.
Columbus—W. W. Pollard.
Georgetown—Ruth Cope.
Bundysburg—Alex. Glenn.
Farmington—Willard Curtis.
Bath—J. B. Lambert.
Ravenna—Joseph Carroll.
Wilkesville—Hannah T. Thomas.
Southington—Caleb Greene.
Mt. Union—Joseph Barnaby.
Malta—Wm. Cope.
Richfield—Jerome Hurlburt, Elijah Poor.
Lodi—Dr. Sill.
Chester—Roads—Adam Sanders.
Painesville—F. McGrew.
Franklin Mills—Isaac Russell.
Granger—L. Hill.
Hartford—G. W. Bushnell and W. J. Bright.
Garrettsville—A. Joiner.
Andover—A. G. Garlick and J. F. Whitmore.
Achoctown—A. G. Richardson.
East Palestine—Simon Sheets.
Granger—L. S. Speers.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Pittsburgh—H. Vashon.
Newberry—J. M. Morris.

INDIANA.

Winchester—Clarkson Packet.
Economy—Ira C. Maubly.
Penn—John L. Michener.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, AND THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

Premiums to New Subscribers!

Owing to the late revolutions and counter-revolutions among the nations of Europe, which have followed each other in such quick succession, and of which "the end is not yet," the leading periodicals of Great Britain have become invested with a degree of interest hitherto unknown. They occupy a middle ground between the hasty, disjointed, and necessarily imperfect records of the newspapers, and the elaborate and ponderous treatises to be furnished by the historian at a future day. The American Publishers, therefore, deem it proper to call renewed attention to these Periodicals, and the very low prices at which they are offered to subscribers. The following is their list, viz:

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW,
THE EDINBURGH REVIEW,
THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW,
THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, and
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

In these periodicals are contained the views, moderately, though clearly and firmly expressed, of the three great parties in England—Tory, Whig, and Radical—"Blackwood" and the "London Quarterly" are Tory, the "Edinburgh Review" Whig; and the "Westminster Review" Liberal. The "North British Review" owes its establishment to the last great ecclesiastical movement in Scotland, and is not ultra in its views on any one of the grand departments of human knowledge; it was originally edited by Dr. Chalmers, and now, since his death, being conducted by his son-in-law Dr. Hanna, associated with Sir David Brewster. Its literary character is of the very highest order.

The "Westminster" though reprinted under that title only, is published in England under the title of the "Foreign Quarterly and Westminster," it being in fact a union of the two Reviews formerly published and reprinted under separate titles. It has therefore the advantage, by this combination, of uniting in one work the best features of both, as heretofore issued.

The above Periodicals are reprinted in New York, immediately on their arrival by the British steamers, in a beautiful cleartype, on fine white paper, and are faithful copies of the originals—"Blackwood's Magazine" being an exact fac-simile of the Edinburgh edition.

TERMS.

For any one of the 4 Reviews, \$3.00 per yr.
For any two of the Reviews, 5.00 do.
For any three of the Reviews, 7.00 do.
For all four of the Reviews, 8.00 do.
For Blackwood's Magazine, 3.00 do.
For Blackwood and 3 Reviews, 9.00 do.
For Blackwood and 4 Reviews, 10.00 do.

Payments to be made in all cases in advance.

PREMIUMS.

Consisting of back volumes of the following valuable works, viz:

Bentley's Miscellany,
The Metropolitan Magazine,
Blackwood's Magazine,
London Quarterly Review,
Edinburgh Review,
Foreign Quarterly Review,
Westminster Review.

Any one subscribing to Blackwood, or to any one of the Reviews, at \$3 a year, or to any two of the Periodicals, at \$5, will receive, gratis, one volume of any of the premiums above named.

A subscriber to any three of the Periodicals, at \$7 a year, or to four Reviews at \$8, will receive two premium volumes as above.

A subscriber to Blackwood and three Reviews, at \$9 a year, or to the four Reviews and Blackwood, at \$10, will receive three premium volumes.

Consecutive Premium volumes will be furnished when practicable, but to prevent disappointment, subscribers are requested to order as many different works for premiums as they may require volumes.

CLIPPING.

Four copies of any or all of the above works will be sent to one address, on payment of the regular subscription for three, the fourth copy being gratis.

No premiums will be given where the above allowance is made to clubs, nor will premiums in any case be furnished unless the subscription money is paid in full to the publishers, without recourse to an agent.

Remittances and communications should be always addressed, postpaid or franked, to the publishers.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,
79 Fulton-st., New York, entrance 54 Gold-st.

DR. CHARLES MUNDE'S

WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT,

AT NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

THIS Establishment is situated at Bensonville, on the west bank of Mill River, two and a half miles from the Northampton Railroad Depot, seven hours' ride from New-York, about five from Boston, and five from Albany, in one of the pleasantest valleys of New-England, surrounded with wood-grown hills, with shady walks, and abundantly supplied with the purest, softest, and coldest granite water. The air is pure and healthy, and the climate mild and agreeable. The new and spacious buildings offer all the conveniences for water-cure purposes, such as large plunge baths, douches, and airy lodging rooms for about fifty patients, separate for either sex, a gymnasium, piano, &c. The Doctor being the earliest disciple of Pessinatz now living, and having an experience of more than fifteen years of his own, (his writings on Water-Cure being in the hands of every European hydropath), hopes to respond to any reasonable expectations from the Water-Cure System, made on the part of those sufferers who may confide themselves to him. He, as well as his wife and family, will exert themselves to ensure to their patients every comfort compatible with the chief purpose of their residence in the establishment.

Persons desirous of following a course of treatment, should provide themselves with two or three woolen blankets, two comforters, some linen sheets, some towels, some old linen, and a couple of pillow cases. In case of need, these objects may be procured in the establishment.

Patients are requested to apply to the Doctor either personally or by letter, under the above address, giving a full statement of their case, and the result of their former treatment.

TERMS: For board and treatment, \$10 per week. Ladies and gentlemen accompanying patients, \$5 per week. Treatment out of doors, without board, \$5 per week. To patients occupying attic rooms, or one room with another person, a reasonable allowance will be made. Payment is expected every week. Patients who stay only part of a week in the establishment, are expected to pay the price of a full week.

Letters indicating a reasonable fee, will be properly attended to. A moderate charge will be made for consultations.

CHARLES MUNDE, M.D.

May, 1850.

Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Vestings, Summer Cloths, &c. &c.

THE subscriber has on hand at his store door West of the Salem Bookstore, Salem, O., a general assortment of Materials for Men's Clothing, which he will be glad to make up to order, or sell by the yard, to those who may want them.

Also a good supply of READY MADE CLOTHING, such as Coats, Vests, Pantalons, Shirts, Collars, Bosoms, Cravats, &c. &c.

Every exertion will be made to furnish the who may purchase the "ready made" clothes their measure and orders, the right kind of garments at the right kind of prices.

JAMES BARNABY.

Salem, June 1st, 1850.
N.B. TAILORING BUSINESS in all its branches carried on as heretofore. J.B.

SEWING SILK.